

Just Say...I Love You

by Nan Smith

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Summary: A rewrite of part of Just Say Noah. What would have happened if Lois hadn't thought of getting Star to help read the torn page she and Clark found in Kathy's shoe.

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Introduction

This was a slightly steamy story I dreamed up after watching "Just Say Noah" again, and then reading some of the 30 minute challenges on Zoomway's boards. I was never really sure it was any good, but I guess I'll find out. Basically: What would have happened if Lois hadn't thought of Star to help them read that page they found in Kathy's shoe? It was posted a month ago on Zoomway's message boards, and I've edited it slightly from the original version. Some of the dialogue at the beginning is taken directly from the episode, and should be credited to the writers of the show. The rest is mine.

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"Smiley says we're not compatible. He says I don't trust you or respect you...and he doesn't know why you even put up with me!" Lois's voice sounded both aggrieved and hurt.

Clark turned from the bookcase he had been methodically searching. "Lois," he said, "the guy's a murderer."

Lois wasn't listening. "Of course I trust you! And I respect you more than anyone else I've ever met! And you know, if I do get angry it's only because I've never opened up to somebody so much in my whole life, and it hurts me when I feel that trust isn't returned. And, you know you put up with me for the same reason I put up with you; it's

because I'm completely in love with you!"

Her breath caught on a half sob and she stared at him, obviously expecting some sort of answer.

Clark swallowed. This was it, he knew; his chance to make amends for the idiotic mistake he'd made just over two weeks ago, to say something witty and profound to win her back.

And he couldn't think of a thing. All that came out was the same thing he had been telling her all along.

"And...I love you."

But it was right. He could tell by the look in her eyes. It gave him the courage to ask the question: "Did we just make up?"

Her reply was as simple. "I think so."

The next instant she was in his arms, and he was kissing her and holding her as if he would never let her go. His arms wrapped themselves around his neck tight enough to strangle an ordinary man, and he staggered, thrown off balance. He didn't care. The last two weeks had seemed more like two years to him.

Lois spoke first, between kisses that grew steadily more passionate.

"Could we maybe do this someplace that's not so musty and not owned by a killer?"

He could go along with that. He had opened his mouth to agree when he saw the book lying open on the desk. "I...I think I just found the book that this page came from." He unfolded the paper clumsily, unwilling to completely release his hold on Lois, and fitted the torn page into place. "There. It's a perfect fit, but we're going to need an expert to read this."

"Well," Lois said, "we won't be able to find an expert at two in the morning."

That was for sure. His lips found hers again. "Let's get out of here," he whispered against them. "We'll be a lot more comfortable in the cabin."

Two seconds later he set her down and kicked the door shut behind them with one foot. "There. Now, I think we were just making up, weren't we?"

He was far too busy to say anything else for some time after that, and his mouth was too full, anyway. After some time, he became aware that he and Lois were sprawled across the room's double bed, although he had no clear memory of how they had gotten there, and his mouth was locked to hers. She was kissing him feverishly and somewhere along the way his shirt, and hers as well, had vanished. What had brought him back to at least a nodding acquaintance with the outside world was the feeling of her fingers fumbling with his belt buckle. He pulled his mouth back about half an inch.

"Lois..."

She let go of the buckle, tangled both hands in his hair and pulled his lips back to hers. Several long, delirious kisses later, he drew back again as her fingers tugged at his buckle once more.

"Lois, this is getting pretty close to the point of no return. Maybe we better..."

The buckle gave, and a second later the snap and zipper of his jeans. He stifled a gasp as her hands were suddenly in places he'd only imagined them being before. He closed his eyes, the protest dying on his lips. The hell with it. He didn't really want her to stop, anyway.

That was his last coherent thought for over an hour, until a loud knocking on the door startled them both back to reality.

"Lois! Clark!" Jimmy's voice called urgently. "Are you in there?"

Clark's eyes met Lois's. She stifled a giggle and reached for the clothing that had somehow wound up in a crumpled pile on the floor.

"Just a minute, Jimmy," Clark replied, looking frantically around for his glasses. "I'll be right there..."

The End

That's it, people. Let me know if you like it or hate it, as I've never written anything quite like it before.

Nan

End
file.